

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyre, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Nioke* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forger my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeepe my Lord it followed hard vppon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinke I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witness of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Maycellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and statly by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes
Within his tronchions length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,

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